CLASH
of CLANS

Bye Bye Builder!

There was once a builder who never stopped working.

He built towers of wood, just to help his people if he could.

He built barracks of stone, trying to give his village a home.

He shaped dreams out of clay,

raising walls and houses day after day.

But though he built it up, the people always tore it down.

Every battle brought ruin.

Every defense was broken.

And still he patched,

repaired,

and hammered —

always striving,

never resting.

At last,

the builder looked at the endless cycle

building,

breaking,

building,

breaking.

his mask had broke

He sighed,

knowing nothing here would endure.

So he left his hut.

and put it up for sale

He set down his hammer.

and walked away from koo-koo town.

and gave his strength

to The One who builds what cannot be torn down

And the people saw —

the builder was gone.

The hands that mended

has finally moved on